

25p 1023

creation their native home is on the Andes. But Call,  
(afterward to become Sir Titus Call!) made a fortune by  
his discovery; & that his work-people should benefit  
by his wealth, he <sup>resolved to</sup> transported them from the  
crowded town to a lonely spot in the Andes valley.  
Here he built a palace-like factory, a town with  
many streets of good houses, with schools, a chapel,  
Sunday schools, public baths & wash houses,  
a park, & a most <sup>(open & clean)</sup> liberally conducted Institute, -  
everything a philanthropist could provide  
for the advantage & comfort of his people.  
In 1853 all was ready; & on his fiftieth birthday,  
Mr. Call led his people out of Bradford to their  
new home with colours flying & bands playing;  
& with much feasting & rejoicing, the mill people  
took possession of the bright little town of Saltaire.  
A bright, fresh little town it is still, even the  
great factory is not yet begun, & the two massive  
engines, bright & beautiful as a drawing-room  
clock, are kept under glass in the delight of  
passers-by. Many kinds of stuff besides alpaca  
are made in this great factory; every kind of  
wool used in the woollen manufacture is, as  
we have seen, collected here. But Saltaire  
has been so much written about that it need  
hardly delay us longer.

## Naligar.

We have now passed another 10 dozens of smaller towns & clothing villages which gather round Leeds & Bradford, the two great centres.

Passing over the long backs of our bare feet after another, or being carried through the hearts of the hills by no less than four tunnels, we come often to town in a valley shaped exactly like a deep basin, with bare steep hills clustering it in on all sides. This is Naligar, the third in importance of the West-riding clothing towns. The hill-clones & the valley-brills with chimneys, for the wealthy Naligar manufacturers carry on their work with great spirit, others are wooded & woollen, as well as cotton. Factories scattered throughout this large parish which extends as far as Todmorden. An curious branch of Naligar trade is that with South America, the mill-owners having early learned to cater for the tastes of the South American Indians. The manufactures of the town are very various & interesting - materials for curtains, table-covers, dresses, etc.; the Messrs. Crossley's, the largest mill in the town, is a great carpet-factory which employs above 3000 hands. The action of the loom in forming the deep rich covers & the surface of Brussels' carpet - & what may be called the 'sheering' of the carpet known as 'velvet-pile' - are interesting processes to watch. All kinds of carpets are made here.

Before the use of machinery in factories became general, Naligar was the centre of the Yorkshire woollen works. In early days, English wool was bought at high rates by the Flemish merchants for no other wool was so much esteemed by the clothiers. But English-made cloth & shags were as much despised as English wool was esteemed.

Again, the mass of the north broke into open rebellion  
under their old leaders. But Henry had parried this  
and was ready for them. Forces were sent northward  
under the Duke of Norfolk, to whom the king wrote: "Our  
pleasure is that before you close upon them again  
you shall cause such dreadful execution with  
dure upon a good number of the inhabitants  
of every town, village, hamlet, that have offended in  
this rebellion, as well by the hanging them up  
in trees, as by the quartering of them, the setting  
of their heads & quarters in every town, - as they may  
be a fearful spectacle to all others hereafter that  
would practice any like matters; which we require  
you to do without pity or respect according to our  
former letters."

The insurgents made unsuccessful attacks on  
Carlisle & Hull: their leaders were taken prisoners.  
At Sybourn James Kell, Smithfield, Lincoln, & Hull  
the leaders were beheaded. Robert Aske, that unhappy  
Lancaster herald who bent his knee to him, was  
executed together at York; & as to the common  
people, no doubt the royal "pleasure" was very fully  
carried out.

Pomfret Castle played a memorable part during  
the Civil War; it was held for the King, sustained  
the successive sieges from the Parliamentary  
forces throughout the end of the war, Scarborough &  
Pomfret were the only strongholds remaining to the  
King. On King Charles, Pomfret was the first place in  
which "Long live the King," proclaiming Charles; it  
was not until after a six months' siege, when  
five-fifths of their numbers had fallen, that the  
garrison capitulated. The Roundheads, according to  
their custom, dismantled & demolished the Castle, but that  
dismantling was necessary after the heavy cannonading it had  
received.



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## The Beauty of the Don.

The Don has its two sources - the Don & Little Don - in the bleak uninteresting hills which lie to the south of the parish of Penistone. Its beginning is unimpressive but soon the Don carries us into very lovely scenery, as beautiful in its own way as all the picturesque dales of the west & the north-east. But the beauty here is of a softer, gentler type, wide valleys, short & by low hills & with the crowning peak which the moorlands & ~~land~~ regions lack, abundant verdure & really fine trees, with clumps of beech & oak & noble isolated trees. A native of Sheffield has illustrated this lovely country very fully. Silkstone, the centre of an important coal-field, lies in the midst of this pleasant country, & has an interesting church, with a monument to Sir Thomas Wentworth & his lady. At Wentworth Park, lower down the valley Sir Thomas lived much, & was ever glad to take refuge here from his anxious schemes to sustain a falling cause & a ~~can~~ ungrateful king, in looking upon a tulip, hearing a bird sing, a rivulet murmuring - as he writes But, to return, Wharfedale Words in the southern bend of the river, or the beauty & boast of the Don Valley, it would a heart torn with in Surrey itself the delicious sublimity of the wooded landscape as seen from the terrace running along the rocks known as Wharfedale Crags. Below the terrace is the 'Dragon's Den', a wild & picturesque access in the rocks, as striking

as

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The well known Pontefract liquorice.

It was to its castle that Pontefract owed its ancient fame a castle that, for 600 years was the plough & the kear of South Yorkshire. When the Conquerors subdued Yorkshire, he granted the lands of this district to one Albert de Lacy. & he, finding a high rock which commanded the hill, raised upon it a renowned stronghold, from which he kept much of the West-Riding in subjection. An immense castle it was, surrounded by a high wall, planted by seven towers; & without was a deep moat to be crossed by a draw-bridge. There were dungeons in the keep, one of them, it is said, to be reached only through a hole in the chamber above. Whenever rebellion or civil war broke out - in the Northern counties, both sides struggled for the possession of this stronghold, & that is why the name of Pontefract plays so large a part in English history.

Saint Thomas of Lancaster.

Pontefract first becomes the scene of an important historical event in connection with Thomas of Lancaster, a mighty baron, the grandson of a king, (Henry III.), the lord of five earldoms, who dwelt at his castle of Pontefract with the clat de prince. He was the people's friend, & not only in Yorkshire, but throughout England, men looked to him to deliver them from the burden of heavy unjust taxation, which the King Edward II, had imposed to maintain himself & his favorites in idle pleasures. One of these powerful & artful favorites, a glib-tongued foreigner, who thought little of venturing England's freedom in the hands of the exasperated barons, aware at all times both of foreigners & the favorites, was under Thomas of Lancaster.

1596/1597

Lancaster, followed Lancaster & Scarborough Castle  
when he had taken refuge, took the Castle, secured  
his prisoner, & carried him to Blacklow Hill near  
Warwick, where he was beheaded by order of Lancaster.  
The King dissimulated his wrath after awhile, &  
peace was patched up, the victorious barons entering  
for the royal pardon, at Westminster.

But new favourites soon provoked the jealousy  
of the barons & the murmurs of the people. This  
time, two De la Spencers, father & son, who had been  
in the first place dependents of Thomas of Lancaster.  
Again the barons rose under Lancaster, but this  
time, to be defeated. A battle was fought at  
Boroughbridge on the Ouse, Lancaster was taken  
& was carried down the Ouse to York & thence  
to his own castle of Pontefract, which the King  
had seized. There he was tried as a traitor before  
Edward II. & condemned to death.

The high ground above the castle is known to this day  
as St. Thomas's Hill. Thither he was led on a grey  
pony, the crowd pelting him with mud. "King  
of heavens!" he cried, "grant me mercy, for my  
certainly King hath forsaken me!" Having reached  
the top of the hill, he was beheaded? (1322).

The people had, more than once, blamed the Earl for  
lacking too much upon himself; but his death  
cancelled his failings, & therefore, he was a  
martyr who had suffered for the public good. Soon  
it got about that miracles were wrought at his  
tomb, the sick & suffering crowded with offerings  
to the Priory Church of Pontefract where he was  
buried. In vain, walled acres were set to  
watch the tomb; news of prebend miracles continued  
to be spread abroad, & more than one embassy  
was sent to the Pope, begging for the canonization of the  
great Earl. Whether such canonization took place is open to  
doubt, but it is no doubt Thomas that the great Earl is remembered.



in the throat by a headless arrow. There is reason  
to doubt this story of the death of Rutland from a  
youth of seventeen who was then less likely  
to fall in the midst of the fight than to be carried off  
the field by his schoolmaster.

Within twenty miles from Wakefield to the north-west  
is the village of Towton, between that village & Saxton,  
is a meadow, where the grass is rich & rank, there is  
a thick growth of roses, red & white growing together in  
loose clusters. This meadow was the scene of  
the most bloody battle ever fought in English pursuit.  
Again an army of the north had gathered under the  
banner of the Red Rose to the number, it is said, of  
sixty thousand. The leaders were the earls of Northumberland  
& Lincoln, & other great nobles of the north & north-west.  
Henry & Queen Margaret accompanied remained in  
safety at York, some eight miles off. An almost  
equal army was gathered under the White Rose of York  
& they had the count of Arundel in their midst, & for  
Edward, the son of the slain York, had been duly  
crowned in Westminster as Edward V. Moreover  
they had the Earl of March, the 'King-maker'.

At four o'clock on the Saturday afternoon - the  
29<sup>th</sup> of March, 1461, the eve of Palm Sunday - it is said  
that the two armies met, & fought blindly ~~in~~  
through the night, & on into the quiet of Palm Sunday,  
the snow falling thick all the time, & laying a  
decent sheet over the slain. No quarter & no pity  
was the order on both sides. At first they fought  
with arrows, but the arrows missed in the blinding  
snow, & the men threw aside their bows, & then  
men

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their swords, & a terrible hand to hand struggle began. At last, the Lancastrians began to give way, retreating in order until they reached the little river Coek. Their winds round the 'Bloody Meadow' was at this time swollen by heavy rains. They descended both rivers by a very steep road; the men from behind fell headlong upon those in front, & so many perished in the water that the rest crossed on the dead bodies of their comrades. The slaughter was fearful - even if it fell below the 40,000 of traditional report. ~~Half the~~ Nearly half the Lancastrians fell, including Northumberland & others of their leaders. The Earls of Devon & Gloucester were taken prisoners & headed at York, where their heads placed the Whitelegged Bar. The Duke of Somerset & others escaped to York with the fatal wounds in time to secure the retreat of the king & queen into Scotland.

### Memories of Pontefract.

Pontefract; Pontefract! Other bloody prison  
Fatal &ominions to noble peers" Rich. III.

Before quitting the Aire valley, we must visit the town of Pontefract, a place of extraordinary historical interest. It is a clean pleasant-looking town where, on Saturdays, is an important market for corn &c. A rather unusual crop of rampion in the neighbourhood; long ridges of a pretty plant with waxy leaves appear in the fields: for four years this plant - is allowed to grow when it is pulled up by the roots, long roots, reaching ten or twelve feet into the ground. These roots are powdered, the juice expressed is mixed with dark lycopodium stamped with the Pontefract gate.



him that he should resign the rest of his life, but that  
at his death, the Crown should pass to the House of York.  
Henry agreed but his wife Queen Margaret, was unwilling  
to sacrifice the claims of her son, Edward Prince of Wales.  
The House of Lancaster had many friends in the north  
so, making York her rallying place, the Queen raised  
a northern army of 18,000 men. Many powerful  
nobles joined her standard - the Lords Clifford & Neville,  
the Earl of Northumberland & of Wiltshire, the Duke  
of Somerset & others. She better to raise this army,  
she had proclaimed to her forces liberty to plunder  
the country south of the Trent.

The Duke of York set out from London to meet her,  
with no more than from four to five thousand  
men. Situated on a tree covered hill nearly two  
miles from Wakefield, are still to be seen some  
fragments of Sandal Castle, at that time a prison  
belonging to Richard. Here he took up his quarters  
to wait for the arrival of his son, Edward, Earl of March  
with a contingent from Wales. The Queen advanced  
with her troops, but failed before the castle. She  
then placed troops in ambush on either side of  
Wakefield Green, under the command of Lord Clifford  
& the Earl of Wiltshire; & appearing before the castle  
with the main body of her army, with many banners,  
surrounding she provoked the Duke to battle. So he left  
the protection of Sandal Castle & descended with his  
small army upon the Green. "But," says Hall, "when  
he was in the plain ground between his castle  
& the town of Wakefield, he was environed on every  
side like a fish in a net or a deer in a buckstall,  
so that he, manfully fighting, was within half an hour  
slain & dead, & his whole army discomfited. - - -"

